

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

FREE MASONRY.

Freemasonry was introduced into America one hundred and thirteen years after the first settlement of Plymouth, in the state of Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Most Worshipful Anthony Montague, Grand Master of Masons in England, who granted a patent for the first American Lodge—which lodge was accordingly held in Boston, the metropolis of that state on the 30th July, 1733. Since that time Lodges have been established in every state and territory in the Union, inasmuch, that Masons are more numerous now in the United States, in proportion to the number of people, than they are in Europe. This is a striking proof of the rapid progress of refinement and civilization in America; for Freemasonry which lays the line, stretches the compass, applies the square, and rears the well ordered column, must and always will keep pace and run parallel with the culture and civilization of mankind. Nay, we may pronounce with the strictest truth that where Freemasonry is not, refinement and civilization will never be found.

Since Freemasonry has exerted her heaven-derived talents in this country, what a train of arts have entered and joined in ample sun, to give their patrons, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, completion and glory. Every art, every exertion of the husbandman and mechanic have been busied and complete.

By the help of operative Masonry, we have made the wilderness a fruitful field; have supplied our tables with the conveniences and many of the luxuries of life; have decorated our habitations with the productions of the manufacturer, and have built us cities to inhabit, which from convenience, beauty and regularity, may vie with any in the world. In addition to these our canals are a stupendous work of operative Masonry, and bid fair to be of incalculable advantage to millions yet unborn. By speculative Masonry we have also been enabled to perform those civil, those legislative and moral plans, by which our most sacred rights and invaluable liberties are secured; by which we are adorned, established and dignified as an independent nation—and the greatest, happiest, and most powerful republic that ever existed in the world.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Extract from a Sermon recently preached by Dr. CHAMBERS, at Edinburgh.

"The present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations. And so 'the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered; every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbage, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence, because of his cruelties; and, from the amphitheatre of sentient nature, there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

"These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do.—Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age; and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness, robbed of her whelps, causes the wilderness to ring aloud, with the proclamation of her wrongs; or, the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos.—All this is palpable, even to the general and unlearned eye; and when physiologists lay open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink, and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface.—Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to

die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate; and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors."

AFFECTION. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade, likewise, the whole mass of being; and though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot be called wretched, who receives, or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassionate feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement, it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing, as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness.

Every man should aim to do one thing well. If he dissipates his attention on several objects, he may have excellent talents entrusted to him, but they will be entrusted to no good end. Concentrated on its proper object they might have a vast energy, but dissipated by several, they will have none. Let other objects be pursued indeed, but only so far as they may subserve the main purpose. By neglecting this rule, I have seen *friality and futility* written on minds of great power: and by regarding it I have seen very limited minds acting in the first rank of their profession—I have seen a large capital and a great stock dissipated, and a man reduced to beggary; and I have seen a small capital and stock improved to great riches.—*Cicil.*

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CANTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Cambridge, 20th August, 1825.

At 4 o'clock we went to dine at the Hall of Trinity College, under the guidance of the two gentlemen from whom we received so many civilities. The apartment appropriated to this purpose is sufficiently spacious to accommodate five hundred persons, and it is not unusual for that number to sit down to table in term time. As it is now what is called the *long vacation*, most of the members of the college were absent; but enough remained, including the officers, to fill several long tables, which were crowned with substantial dishes, served up in good style but without extravagance. Two kinds of wine circulated with moderation at the attic feast. But the decorations of the hall, consisting of the likenesses of great men, executed by the first artists; the easy flow of conversation, the affability, and politeness of the party, render the stranger careless of his fare, and attract his attention to other objects.—There is a full length portrait of Newton directly over the table, where we sat. A French scholar of some eminence was once dining in the hall, and was seated so as to face the picture. After gazing steadfastly for some time, and catching the glow of inspiration, he rose suddenly, and pronounced an eloquent panegyric upon the talents of the mathematician and philosopher.

After the cloth was removed, and grace was read in Latin by two of the Fellows, we were invited into the *Combination Room*, so called from the associates who there assemble. It is a handsome side apartment, richly ornamented with paintings, and elegantly furnished. The festive board was covered with the fruits of the season, and crowned with generous wine. It was emphatically "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Some of the party had been personally acquainted with Professor Porson, and related a number of interesting anecdotes of that distinguished, but eccentric scholar, who was at once an ornament and a disgrace to the University. The depth and accuracy of his erudition, particularly in the Greek language, astonished every one; but, like his favourite Anacreon, he may be said to have been choked to death by the grape. His habits of intoxication had become notorious, and it would have been better for his reputation had he died sooner.

The professor of Geology presided at this literary feast, and gave as a sentiment "prosperity to the United States, and uninterrupted friendship between kindred nations," which the company drank with much apparent pleasure. Many inquiries were made respecting

the institutions, the state of learning, and the eminent men of our country; and none but the kindest and most liberal feelings were expressed towards its rising greatness. It was extremely gratifying to us, to witness such liberality among the scholars of England, who exercise an important influence over the community, and can do much towards correcting erroneous impressions respecting the United States, imbibed from the misrepresentations of tourists and their reviewers.

After dinner we visited the Chapel of Trinity College, chiefly for the purpose of examining the admirable full length statue of Sir Isaac Newton, which is justly accounted a masterpiece, both in design and execution. It is of white marble, elevated upon a pedestal, standing in a conspicuous place on the floor of the chapel; and the whole figure is bold, commanding, and impressive. The sage is taking in the altitude of analysing the rays of light by means of the prism. He has just made an experiment with his glass, and his eyes are lifted from it to ponder upon the result. The expression of the face, marked with intense thought and deep meditation, is inimitably fine. Behind him upon the wall, is a monument to the memory of his friend Roger Cates, who died young, and of whom Newton used to say, "if he had lived, we might have known something." Near by is the tomb of the late Professor Porson, with a white marble slab upon the wall, bearing a likeness of the scholar in relief, with merely the dates of his birth and death. It was executed by Chantrey. The dust of Dr. Bentley sleeps under a plain, dark slab in the chancel, inscribed with his name and a brief epitaph.

At 8 o'clock we took tea with the Professor of Chemistry, and passed a very pleasant evening with his family and a few friends. This lady and her sister favoured us with a variety of music upon the harp and piano, upon both of which they play with much taste, forming a charming concert. Supper, with a dessert of fruits, was served up at 10 o'clock; and an hour after, we took leave of a family, whose hospitality and polished society had contributed so largely to the pleasures of our visit to Cambridge. We parted with a distant hope of having it one day in our power to reciprocate so much kindness upon our native shores.

This morning before breakfast, we went to the garden of Christ College, consecrated by some memorials of the poet Milton. It is a sequestered, quiet, and lovely spot, which I could not but think was the original, whence he drew the picture of his own Eden, in *Paradise Lost*. There is a crystal lake in the centre, overhung with deep foliage, near which his bust stands upon a pedestal, half-concealed and shaded by shrubbery. Around the garden are classic walks and cool retreats, where he loved to saunter. Upon a little open and verdant area stands an aged mulberry tree, which was planted and watered by his own hand, while he was a member of the college. It is now tottering with infirmity; but its decrepitude is cherished with a respect due to its venerable age and its interesting origin. Its trunk in a state of decay, is carefully wrapped in a sheet of lead, and several props support its branches. It is now in full bearing, and we were just in season to partake of its fruit. The gardener was at the tree with a ladder reaching to the top, which he permitted me to ascend and gather for myself. As it was a warm morning, the shade was scarcely less grateful than the fruit. A rustic chair was standing upon the dew-sprinkled turf, which would form a delightful seat for reading the works of the great epic poet of England.

On our return from this pleasant walk, which was almost as lovely as the first happy pair used to take in *Paradise*, we called at the Church of All Saints, to visit the tomb of Henry Kirk White. He was buried in the chancel, under an obscure and humble stone, bearing no other inscription than his name. A year or two since, one of our countrymen, whose name could not be ascertained on inquiring, visited the church on the same errand as ourselves, and finding no monument to the memory of a young man, so highly esteemed for his talents and virtues, directed a white marble slab to be placed upon the wall, ornamented with a portrait in relief, of the unfortunate poet, and inscribed with the following lines:

"Worn with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd powers th' immortal mind display'd,
But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decay'd,
Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost 'midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen;
He told the tale, and shew'd what WHITE had been:
Nor told in vain; for o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave.
On yon low stone, he saw his lonely name,
And rais'd this fond memorial to his fame."

These lines were written by Mr. Walter Smyth of St. John's College. The tablet has no other inscription, except the date of White's birth in 1785, and of his death in 1806. It was executed by Chantrey, who will probably be able to inform us at whose expense it was erected. Such a liberal act, paying a just tribute to genius and worth, made us proud of our country. The reader will recollect Byron's beautiful eulogy, in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

At 9 o'clock we took breakfast with the Professor of Geology, at his rooms in College, as he still remains "in a state of single blessedness." The members of the University have inducements to remain unmarried; since they forfeit their fellowships, on entering into matrimony. Their apartments are taken care of, and their breakfasts provided, by females who are called *gyps*. On inquiring the etymology of the term, I received for answer, that with the classical scholars of Cambridge it is supposed to be derived from *gyps*, the Greek word signifying a *vulture*. This mode of living, however, is neither expensive, nor unpleasant. We found the rooms handsomely furnished, and ornamented with a great variety of paintings and drawings. They contained also a valuable private library, with all the appendages and conveniences of a study. Breakfast was served up in good style, and an hour passed very pleasantly.

Having ascertained that the coach would not leave till one o'clock, we had a long and delightful ramble upon the banks of the Cam, threading every grove and thicket, and frequently pausing to admire the Gothic turrets of the colleges peering from amidst the foliage. It was our intention to visit the new observatory now in building upon an eminence half a mile from town; but our friend accidentally mentioning a favourite walk of the poet Gray, with the original of his "country church-yard," it was at once determined to change the direction of our morning excursion. We accordingly pursued a bye path, sometimes leading between hedge-rows of hawthorn, and at others, across meadows and fields, until it conducted us to Grantchester, a small village of great antiquity, at the distance of a mile and a half from Cambridge. It is said to have been a Roman station. The houses have thatched roofs, and appear to be going to decay.

The "ivy-mantled tower" guided us to the little church-yard, whither Gray used to take a solitary walk at morning or evening, and whence he is said to have derived the imagery of his exquisite *Elegy*. Whether his muse gleaned her materials from this place or not, its features exactly correspond with his description. Although it does not differ essentially from other country church-yards, its interesting associations induced us to examine it with minute attention. It is a very old burying-ground, where emphatically "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." We sat down in the shade of the church, upon the green sod covering the graves, and repeated the *Elegy*, applying its stanzas to the objects around us. One part of the cemetery in a particular manner arrested our attention. It was a little enclosure, planted with the yew, the evergreen branches of which overhung the graves, and partly concealed the marble monuments. A rose grew by its side, and was in full bloom, its leaves and flowers intermingling with the cypress. Many of the tombstones in the church-yard are old and rude, the dates extending back far beyond the period, when the poet was wont to make this retreat the scene of his evening rambles and solitary meditations. There was a pleasure in the reflection, that he had trodden the same turf we were now treading, and had paused to read the same inscriptions, the same "holy texts and uncouth rhymes," which have become scarcely legible, overgrown as they are with moss and half obliterated by the hand of time.

But the banks of the Cam furnish still less equivocal prototypes of his poetical images, and more vivid traces of the footsteps of his Muse:

"Ye brown o'erarching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn,
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia, silver bright,
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
With freedom by my side, and soft-eyed melancholy."

The foregoing passage is entirely graphic, and accurately descriptive of the scenery upon the banks of this classic stream, along the immediate margin of which we sauntered on our return, following its meanders through the wide meadow which it passes before reaching Cambridge. Its waters are clear, but sluggish; and for the greater part of the way, the channel is overarched by willows, growing upon its borders. Its current is in many places choked with rushes and other aquatic plants, among which Matthews, the intimate friend of Lord Byron, was entangled and drowned while in the act of bathing. At this season of the year, the water seems scarcely deep or wide enough to admit of such an accident, in the place where it occurred.

On the left bank, near the colleges, there is a beautiful grove, called *Brasmus Walk*. It was the favourite retreat of the eminent scholar of that name, who was educated at Cambridge. A more sequestered, cool, and quiet shade for reading and meditation cannot be imagined; and here he probably acquired much of that depth of learning, as well as that pure latinity, for which he was so distinguished. But I have done:—for there would be no end to this letter, should it attempt to describe all the classic shades and all the interesting objects, around this ancient seat of the Muses, hallowed by the associations of genius and learning.

POETRY.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

The beam of the mighty is mantled in night,
His glory is set in the blaze of its light,
His bowstring is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
His armour is broken, and canker'd with rust;
His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
Jehovah's anointed hath stain'd them with gore;
Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure destroy'd,
Their altar a ruin, and nature a void.

Philistia, shall triumph—the pulse of the brave,
Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the grave,
One spirit sublim'd them—adversity tried—
They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his son;
Attune your bright harps to the deeds they have done;
The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy brow;
Yet the angel of beauty is lingering by,
She revels in rapture and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corse, but thy spirit's above,
Diverging in glory, and beaming in love;
And friendship is blasted and saintless her shrine,
Why soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY STATESMAN.

A RIDDLE.

SIMILAR TO LORD BYRON'S.

N I had never lived, the name
Of Franklin never had been known,
New trumpet's tongue, the voice of fame
Proclaimed the name of Washington.

Both kings and courtiers know me well,
I never quit the hero's side,
And tho' I never with lovers dwell
I'm always present with the bride.

Wherever there is sickness, where
Distress of mind, and grief and pain
I'm ever held most constant there,
For none than I has better claim.

Though oft in passion I have been,
I never was in anger seen,
My residence is not on earth,
And none can tell my age or birth.

When God awoke from deepest night
Old Chaos, with "Let there be light,"
I sprang with life, in sight appeared,
Ere Chaos had the summons heard.

To even God himself was I
Unknown, but with divin' eye
Forever more 'tis mine to be
Rejoicing in felicity.

Ye who would know me, lift your eyes,
And see me seated in the skies,
Or where the vivid lightnings glare,
Seated midway in the air.

THE OLIO.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MYSTIFICATION.

Though the word "mystification" is somewhat the newest in our language, and not very old in the French, from which we have borrowed it, yet the thing it represents is by no means an affair of yesterday. Mystification is as old as Idleness, and Idleness is as old as Civilization, and Civilization as old as Triptolemus and his plough. From the remotest tradition, before History began to write, we hear of Mystifications and Mystifiers.

Turpin seems to have been born for the express purpose of humbugging all the world, and to have been what we call a first-rate wag. Happening to sit one day at church next to a jolly fat faced lady, whose nose was the least prominent feature in her platter-formed visage, he began to fidget and grunt and make such horrible contortions as induced his good natured neighbour to ask what ailed him. "Alas! my good lady," cried Turpin, with the utmost gravity of voice and demeanor, "I am a poor paralytic, who cannot use my hands; and here I have been sitting this full quarter of an hour without any one to blow my nose of which I am in urgent necessity." "The answer, as may be anticipated—for women are ever compassionate—was a proposition to assist the sick man in his need. Turpin readily expressed his assent, and the fat lady, seeking his handkerchief in his pocket, lent herself to the operation, which she performed with all the simplicity imaginable, returning to the charge three several times, and making the church ring again with the crowing of his nostrils. Then, turning to the woman, and preserving the hypocritical tranquillity of his countenance and voice undisturbed, he asked her, "est il pas vrai, ma bonne dame, qu'il y a bien plus de plaisir à moucher un bon gros nez comme le mien, qu'un vilain chien de nez camard comme le votre?"—"and now tell me, my good charitable lady, is it not a much greater pleasure to blow such an handsome nose as mine, than to be fumbling at a miserable snub like your own?"

An adventure happened to a casual acquaintance of our own which without being a mystification had all the effect of one. This gentleman, a surgeon of much practice, residing in a seaport village in Hampshire, was one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock," (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel,) called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "Linguenda domus et placent uxori" never reads worse than in the middle of a cold frosty night; but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thoughts of the double honorarium, "in that case provided," and huddling on his clothes as fast as he could he descended in the dark to open the street door. On again closing it behind him, and proceeding a few paces down the

street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and, as he valued his life, to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street, a second man started forth from a projecting door-way, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without further speaking. Farther on another confederate joined them, and "have you got him?" was repeated in the same way, and produced the same brief half suppressed "Got him" as before. Thus they proceeded to the out-skirts of the village, where they met other men mounted and holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horsemen under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key; "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor; and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and bogs, occasionally reconnoitered and joined by scrutinizing videtts after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they had "got him," and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety increasing at every step that led him farther from the "haunts of man," through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair; when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to prescribe directions for its management; which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," returned in the same order and with the same precaution as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him" having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of his adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner he was afterwards several times carried to visit his patient, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add that the parties were smugglers who had an engagement with the Custom House officers, and that the secrecy of their proceedings arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.

It would be difficult for the malice of the most practised mystifier to have given more pain than was inflicted on our friend the surgeon by this combination of events, arising out of the "social system" of our sea coasts; but, after all, nature and chance afford the outlines of our brightest inventions, and we are not to be surprised if they should sometimes succeed better than art in advancing them towards perfection.

BRIDAL MISTAKE. One of the most complete and singular bulls we remember to have heard, and which is likely to afford employment to the gentlemen of the long robe, has recently been committed in the county of Wicklow. We do not know that the subject has been noticed by the public prints, but we have no doubt as to the correctness of our information. Two gentlemen, brothers, were recently married on the same day, and the respective friends of each, with the brides and bridegrooms, determined to celebrate the happy event as joyfully as possible. Accordingly, the whole party repaired to a house a short distance from Wicklow, where the day was spent in the usual style of Irish mirth: there being no lack of supply of the "generous grape" nor of the still more "generous native." At night the brides retired to rest: but dire mishap! in the morning it was discovered that each gentleman had gone to what was intended to be his brother's bed!—the ladies in the dark, and brother's voices strongly resembled each other, not having noticed the fatal error! We understand what particularly puzzled the lawyers, is, that one of the ladies possesses a fortune of £6,000, and the other one of £1,000, and the gentleman who married the lady with the latter fortune, wishes to keep possession of the lady with whom he slept, with the six thousand pounds, this his brother refuses to accede to; and in consequence, the whole affair is to be made public.

Liverpool Adc.

A "BEASTLY" BUSINESS. A fact has been mentioned to us, by a gentleman in whom we repose perfect confidence, which illustrates, in as ludicrous a manner as ever before came to our knowledge, the ruinous consequences of intemperance. A man pretty well advanced in years, residing in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, who is habitually addicted to intoxication, being, a few weeks since, about trading a horse to a stranger, who was to call on a certain day and view him, and wishing the animal, which was rather poor, to make as respectable an appearance as possible, directed his son to wet up some meal, oats, &c. to give the horse, to "swell him out;" in pursuance of these directions the son, who, like the father, had "a drop in his eye," got the meal, &c. and took a bowl (as he then thought) of water to "wet up the feed," but instead of water, the bowl contained whiskey, from which the old man had been taking copious potations. The consequence of this mistake was that shortly after the horse had eaten the mess, he became as drunk as his master; he would caper about the yard, fall down, jump up again, and exhibit every species of fantastic trick which it were possible for a horse to go through: He finally ran into the dwelling-house, (the door being open,) and there renewing, before his inebriated master, his odd capers, the old man became very much frightened,—imagining, on the spur of the moment,

that Beelzebub himself had called on him,—and seizing an axe, bent the horse's brains out. Thus the life of a noble animal was sacrificed by the stupidity of his drunken master.

Western Carolinian.

Theo. Gibber in company with 3 other bonvivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—the second a glass eye—the third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach; and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every bailing place, they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint—and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, "od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why dom me," says a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, the fourth better than all the rest. In short language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumbling about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man re-assumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them.—When they were ready to go to bed, Gibber called out to the waiter,—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" said the man. "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out "here, you, take out my eye." "Lord, Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "here, you rascal, take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being apprized before that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

Pig-Tail for Ever. Original letter from a Sailor to his brother in London.

Warren Hastings Indiaman, Gravesend, March 24, 1826.

"Dear Brother Tom—This cum hopein to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anchor'd here yesterday at 2 P. M. after a pleasant voyage tolerable short and few squalls—Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old Father Stout, and am quite out of pig-tail—Sights of pig-tail at Graves end, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chow—Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this and put pig-tail in his pocket when best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go, asks for the best pig-tail—pound pig-tail will do and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took two whereof one is quite worn out, tatter most, but don't forget the pig-tail as I had not a quid to chow never since Thursday—Dear Tom, as for the shirts your size will do only longer—I like no long—get one at present, best at Tower Hill, and cheap—but be particular to go to seven diles for the pig-tail, at the black boy and Hear Tom asks for Pound best pig-tail, and let it be good pig-tail, so ty it up—Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday or thereabouts.—Not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother.

"P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail."

[London paper.

ANECDOTE. Rumour says, and whether truly or not the story is a good one, that a country looking fellow went into a merchant's store to drive a trade; after buying a few articles, he was very sorry he could not trade more, and said he should have been able to do so, but he had unluckily been caught with a considerable sum of Eagle money on hand. The merchant of course was very sorry for his misfortune, but in the course of the conversation Jonathan let it out rather slyly that his Eagle money was half dollar pieces with only the Eagle stamped on them. The merchant caught at it, and thinking he had a green horn to deal with, was so sorry for Jonathan that in order to accommodate him he agreed to take all his Eagle money and pay half in trade and half in good money; which was done accordingly. But after Jonathan had left the store and the merchant was taking a second look at his great bargain, he happened to discover that all his Eagle half dollars were counterfeit.

THE CAUSE. A Physician, the other day, called upon a patient subject to frequent and severe attacks of the Gout. The painful visitant had left him and he was enjoying himself over his wine with great conviviality. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you; you have just come in time to taste this bottle of Madeira, it is the first of a pipe that is just broached." "Ah," exclaimed the doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your sufferings." "Well, then," rejoined the other, "fill your glass, for now that we have found the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

It so happened that a short time since, three gentlemen and their respective wives met at a table together, whose united children amounted to thirty-nine. "We might call them the thirty-nine articles," said one of the gentlemen. "You might so," said a lady who was present, "but I suppose no one would subscribe to them but ourselves."

REMEDY FOR A LEAK. An Irishman on board a pinnace, which leaked at sea, set about boring a hole through the bottom, as he observed, to let out the water.

PRODUCTION OF THE PRESS. An Irish handbill was printed in Dublin, of which the following is a copy: "In the Press, and will speedily be published by subscription, a large Cheese; price, to subscribers, twopence a pound. "N. B.—This is the first Cheshire cheese ever made in Ireland."

NEW GOODS.

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS just received on consignment, a much larger and more extensive assortment of GOODS than he has ever before had, viz: Broadclothes; Cassimeres; Satinettes; Denmark Satins; Bombazettes; Caroline Plaids; white and coloured Jeans; Granduralls; Duck, an excellent article for men's and boys' Trowsers; Brown Linen; Russia Diaper; Oil Cloth; Vestings, a complete assortment; Dimities; black and coloured Cambrics; Brown Cambric, for ladies' Bonnets; Valencia Mantles; Valencia and Cotton Shawls; English Gingham; striped and stamped Muslins, elegant Patterns; Gingham and Muslin Gown Patterns; white Cambric; book and figured Muslins; cambric and Jackson Muslin; Cravats of different kinds, and cheap; flag, silk, cotton, bird's eye, gauze, embossed, flowered, fancy, and imitation Handkerchiefs; Swiss muslin Points; Ruffs; Frills; Laces; Parasols; white press'd Crapo; green Crapo and Gauze, for Vests; black, white, and green Vests; inserting Trimmings; silk Braids; piping and Lafayette Cords; Gimps; Ladies' worsted and cotton Hose; Gentlemen's half Hose; Ladies' black, white silk, and leather Gloves; gauze, garniture, and other Ribbons;—making a very complete assortment.

Also, 50 Pieces of CALICOES—making almost every variety of figure and price, from one shilling to 3s. 9d. per yard; Crapo Dresses; black and coloured Crapes, for Gowns; Silk, &c.; Threads; Tapes; and a large variety of other small articles—Rattan, &c. &c.

Also—Sheetings; Shirtings; Gingshams; Checks and Stripes; Cotton Yarn, from 8 to 16; blue Yarn; Flannels; Tickings, &c.

Likewise—Looking Glasses; Block-tin Tea Pots; Flat-irons; Carving Knives and Forks; iron and plated table and tea Spoons; Shears and Scissors; Snuffers and Trays; Block-tin Faucets; Coat and Vest Buttons; real good and common Whips; Wire; Razors, from 25 cents to \$1 50; Razor Strops; Jack and Penknives; glass and pearl Buttons; silver, steel, and brass Thimbles; Pins; Needles; paper Folders; Scales; Dividers; Protractors; Cases Mathematical Instruments; Carpenters' Rules; Shaving Brushes and Boxes; good and common Shaving Soap; Castile, rose, violet, and lavender Soap; Wash Balls; Black-Ball; Blacking; Pomatum; slate, lead, and camell's hair Pencils; Inkstands; sand Boxes and Sand; Wafers; Sealing Wax; Ink-powder; Quills; hair, head, and pocket Combs; glass Beads; Spectacles, suitable for all ages, some of a high finish; with many other articles—all of which will be sold on the most favourable terms for cash.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Webster's and Goodale's SELLING BOOKS; the Young Scat. AR'S FIRST BOOK—with most other kinds of SCHOOL BOOKS—wholesale or retail.

WOOL CARDING, and CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public, that he has taken the FULLING MILL and CARDING MACHINES, owned by Col. H. R. PARSONS, at the South Village in Paris, where he intends carrying on

CARDING WOOL & DRESSING CLOTH with neatness and despatch.

A liberal Credit will be given, and all kinds of Country Produce, Wool, or Woollen Clothes will be taken in payment, and upon as good terms as can be done in the country. He matters himself that by the engagement of experienced workmen, and having followed the business himself for 9 years, he shall be entitled to a share of public patronage.

Also—Wants to purchase from One to Two Thousand Yards of FLANNEL CLOTH, made of common Wool, spun from 4 to 5 skeins to the pound, well made for Fulling—for which Cash will be paid.

Paris, May, 1826.

I, the subscriber, hereby certify, that I have assisted in the repairs of the above Carding Machine, and it is my opinion that they are in order to make as good ROLLS as any in the State.

99 6w LEWIS COLL.

SALT RHEUM.

THIS inveterate disease which has so long baffled the art of the most experienced Physicians, has at length found a sovereign remedy, in

DR. LA GRANGE'S GENUINE Ointment.

Few Cutaneous diseases are met with more reluctance by the Physician, and none in which he is so universally unsuccessful.

This Ointment has stood the test of experience and justly obtained an unparalleled celebrity. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, and its original colour and smoothness. Numerous recommendations might be obtained of its superior efficacy, but the Proprietor chose that a PAIR TRIAL should be its only commentator. It has in three or four weeks cured cases of fifteen and twenty years standing, that had resisted the power of every other remedy that could be devised.

It not only at once gives immediate relief in Salt Rheum, but cures Tinea Capitis, (commonly called SCALD HEAD), and all scabby eruptions peculiar to unhealthy children.

There is nothing of a mercurial nature contained in it, and it may be used on infants, or others under any circumstances whatever.

The above valuable medicine may be had at the Oxford Bookstore—WHOLESALE or RETAIL.

Paris, June 15.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE of Lord Byron—THE FORESTERS, by the Author of Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life—TRACTS, on moral and religious subjects, published by the Religious Tract Societies in England—FARMERS' GUIDE—FARMERS' MANUAL—History of the United States, &c. &c.—at a great discount.

Also—THE YOUNG LADIES' ACCELDENCE, which is thought by some to be a better treatise on Grammar, for young beginners than Murray's Abridgement.

June 8.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be Post Paid.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1826.

[NUMBER 103.]

THE REFLECTOR.

FREE MASONRY.

Freemasonry was introduced into America one hundred and thirteen years after the first settlement of Plymouth, in the state of Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Most Worshipful Anthony Montague, Grand Master of Masons in England, who granted a patent for the first American Lodge—which lodge was accordingly held in Boston, the metropolis of that state on the 30th July, 1733. Since that time Lodges have been established in every state and territory in the Union, inasmuch, that Masons are more numerous now in the United States, in proportion to the number of people, than they are in Europe. This is a striking proof of the rapid progress of refinement and civilization in America; for Freemasonry which lays the line, stretches the compass, applies the square, and rears the well ordered column, must and always will keep pace and run parallel with the culture and civilization of mankind. Nay, we may pronounce with the strictest truth that where Freemasonry is not, refinement and civilization will never be found.

Since Freemasonry has exerted her heaven-derived talents in this country, what a train of arts have entered and joined in ample suit, to give their patrons, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, completion and glory. Every art, every exertion of the husbandman and mechanic have been busied and complete.

By the help of operative Masonry, we have made the wilderness a fruitful field; have supplied our tables with the conveniences and many of the luxuries of life; have decorated our habitations with the productions of the manufacturer, and have built up cities to inhabit, which from convenience, beauty and regularity, may vie with any in the world. In addition to these our canals are a stupendous work of operative Masonry, and bid fair to be of incalculable advantage to millions yet unborn. By speculative Masonry we have also been enabled to perform those civil, those legislative and moral plans, by which our most sacred rights and invaluable liberties are secured; by which we are adorned, established and dignified as an independent nation—and the greatest, happiest, and most powerful republic that ever existed in the world. [Escrivoir.]

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Extract from a Sermon recently preached by Dr. CHALMERS, at Edinburgh.

"The present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations. And so 'the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered; every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence, because of his cruelties; and, from the amphitheatre of sentient nature, there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

"These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do.—Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age; and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness, robbed of her whelps, causes the wilderness to ring aloud, with the proclamation of her wrongs; or, the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos.—All this is palpable, even to the general and unlearned eye; and when physiologists lay open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink, and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface.—Theirs is unmix'd and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to

die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pangs and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate; and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors."

AFFECTION. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade, likewise, the whole mass of being; and though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot be called wretched, who receives, or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement, it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing, as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness.

Every man should aim to do one thing well. If he dissipates his attention on several objects, he may have excellent talents entrusted to him, but they will be entrusted to no good end. Concentrated on its proper object they might have a vast energy, but dissipated by several, they will have none. Let other objects be pursued indeed, but only so far as they may subserve the main purpose. By neglecting this rule, I have seen *frivolity* and *futility* written on minds of great power: and by regarding it I have seen very limited minds acting in the first rank of their profession—I have seen a large capital and a great stock dissipated, and a man reduced to beggary; and I have seen a small capital and stock improved to great riches.—Cicil.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Cambridge, 20th August, 1825.

At 4 o'clock we went to dine at the Hall of Trinity College, under the guidance of the two gentlemen from whom we received so many civilities. The apartment appropriated to this purpose is sufficiently spacious to accommodate five hundred persons, and it is not unusual for that number to sit down to table in term time. As it is now what is called the *long vacation*, most of the members of the college were absent; but enough remained, including the officers, to fill several long tables, which were crowned with substantial dishes, served up in good style but without extravagance. Two kinds of wine circulated with moderation at the attic feast. But the decorations of the hall, consisting of the likenesses of great men, executed by the first artists; the easy flow of conversation, the affability, and politeness of the party, render the stranger careless of his fare, and attract his attention to other objects.—There is a full length portrait of Newton directly over the table, where we sat. A French scholar of some eminence was once dining in the hall, and was seated so as to face the picture. After gazing steadfastly for some time, and catching the glow of inspiration, he rose suddenly, and pronounced an eloquent panegyric upon the talents of the mathematician and philosopher.

After the cloth was removed, and grace was read in Latin by two of the Fellows, we were invited into the *Combination Room*, so called from the associates who there assemble. It is a handsome side apartment, richly ornamented with paintings, and elegantly furnished. The festive board was covered with the fruits of the season, and crowned with generous wine. It was emphatically "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Some of the party had been personally acquainted with Professor Porson, and related a number of interesting anecdotes of that distinguished, but eccentric scholar, who was at once an ornament and a disgrace to the University. The depth and accuracy of his erudition, particularly in the Greek language, astonished every one; but, like his favourite Anacreon, he may be said to have been choked to death by the grape. His habits of intoxication had become notorious, and it would have been better for his reputation had he died sooner.

The professor of Geology presided at this literary feast, and gave as a sentiment "prosperity to the United States, and uninterrupted friendship between kindred nations," which the company drank with much apparent pleasure. Many inquiries were made respecting

the institutions, the state of learning, and the eminent men of our country; and none but the kindest and most liberal feelings were expressed towards its rising greatness. It was extremely gratifying to us, to witness such liberality among the scholars of England, who exercise an important influence over the community, and can do much towards correcting erroneous impressions respecting the United States, imbibed from the misrepresentations of tourists and their reviewers.

After dinner we visited the Chapel of Trinity College, chiefly for the purpose of examining the admirable full length statue of Sir Isaac Newton, which is justly accounted a masterpiece both in design and execution. It is of white marble, elevated upon a pedestal, standing in a conspicuous place on the floor of the chapel; and the whole figure is bold, commanding, and impressive. The sage is taking in the altitude of analysing the rays of light by means of the prism. He has just made an experiment with his glass, and his eyes are lifted from it to ponder upon the result. The expression of the face, marked with intense thought and deep meditation, is inimitably fine. Behind him upon the wall, is a monument to the memory of his friend Roger Cates, who died young, and of whom Newton used to say, "if he had lived, we might have known something." Near by is the tomb of the late Professor Porson, with a white marble slab upon the wall, bearing a likeness of the scholar in relief, with merely the dates of his birth and death. It was executed by Chantrey. The dust of Dr. Bentley sleeps under a plain, dark slab in the chancel, inscribed with his name and a brief epitaph.

At 8 o'clock we took tea with the Professor of Chemistry, and passed a very pleasant evening with his family and a few friends. This lady and her sister favoured us with a variety of music upon the harp and piano, upon both of which they play with much taste, forming a charming concert. Supper, with a dessert of fruits, was served up at 10 o'clock; and an hour after, we took leave of a family, whose hospitality and polished society had contributed so largely to the pleasures of our visit to Cambridge. We parted with a distant hope of having it one day in our power to reciprocate so much kindness upon our native shores.

This morning before breakfast, we went to the garden of Christ College, consecrated by some memorials of the poet Milton. It is a sequestered, quiet, and lovely spot, which I could not but think was the original, whence he drew the picture of his own Eden, in *Paradise Lost*. There is a crystal lake in the centre, overhung with deep foliage, near which his bust stands upon a pedestal, half-concealed and shaded by shrubbery. Around the garden are classic walks and cool retreats, where he loved to saunter. Upon a little open and verdant area stands an aged mulberry tree, which was planted and watered by his own hand, while he was a member of the college. It is now tottering with infirmity; but its decrepitude is cherished with a respect due to its venerable age and its interesting origin. Its trunk in a state of decay, is carefully wrapped in a sheet of lead, and several props support its branches. It is now in full bearing, and we were just in season to partake of its fruit. The gardener was at the tree with a ladder reaching to the top, which he permitted me to ascend and gather for myself. As it was a warm morning, the shade was scarcely less grateful than the fruit. A rustic chair was standing upon the dew-sprinkled turf, which would form a delightful seat for reading the works of the great epic poet of England.

On our return from this pleasant walk, which was almost as lovely as the first happy pair used to take in *Paradise*, we called at the Church of All Saints, to visit the tomb of Henry Kirk White. He was buried in the chancel, under an obscure and humble stone, bearing no other inscription than his name. A year or two since, one of our countrymen, whose name could not be ascertained on inquiring, visited the church on the same errand as ourselves, and finding no monument to the memory of a young man, so highly esteemed for his talents and virtues, directed a white marble slab to be placed upon the wall, ornamented with a portrait in relief, of the unfortunate poet, and inscribed with the following lines:

"Worn with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came:
Unconquer'd powers th' immortal mind display'd,
But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decay'd,
Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost 'midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen;
He told the tale, and shew'd what WITNE had been:
Nor told in vain; for o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave.
On yon low stone, he saw his lonely name,
And rais'd this fond memorial to his fame."

These lines were written by Mr. Walter Smyth of St. John's College. The tablet has no other inscription, except the date of White's birth in 1785, and of his death in 1806. It was executed by Chantrey, who will probably be able to inform us at whose expense it was erected. Such a liberal act, paying a just tribute to genius and worth, made us proud of our country. The reader will recollect Byron's beautiful eulogy, in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

At 9 o'clock we took breakfast with the Professor of Geology, at his rooms in College, as he still remains "in a state of single blessedness." The members of the University have inducements to remain unmarried; since they forfeit their fellowships, on entering into matrimony. Their apartments are taken care of, and their breakfasts provided, by females who are called *gyps*. On inquiring the etymology of the term, I received for answer, that with the classical scholars of Cambridge it is supposed to be derived from *gyps*, the Greek word signifying a *culture*. This mode of living, however, is neither expensive, nor unpleasant. We found the rooms handsomely furnished, and ornamented with a great variety of paintings and drawings. They contained also a valuable private library, with all the appendages and conveniences of a study. Breakfast was served up in good style, and an hour passed very pleasantly.

Having ascertained that the coach would not leave till one o'clock, we had a long and delightful ramble upon the banks of the Cam, threading every grove and thicket, and frequently pausing to admire the Gothic turrets of the colleges peering from amidst the foliage. It was our intention to visit the new observatory now in building upon an eminence half a mile from town; but our friend accidentally mentioning a favourite walk of the poet Gray, with the original of his "country church-yard," it was at once determined to change the direction of our morning excursion. We accordingly pursued a bye path, sometimes leading between hedge-rows of hawthorn, and at others, across meadows and fields, until it conducted us to Grantchester, a small village of great antiquity, at the distance of a mile and a half from Cambridge. It is said to have been a Roman station. The houses have thatched roofs, and appear to be going to decay.

The "ivy-mantled tower" guided us to the little church-yard, whither Gray used to take a solitary walk at morning or evening, and whence he is said to have derived the imagery of his exquisite *Elegy*. Whether his muse gleaned her materials from this place or not, its features exactly correspond with his description. Although it does not differ essentially from other country church-yards, its interesting associations induced us to examine it with minute attention. It is a very old burying-ground, where emphatically "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." We sat down in the shade of the church, upon the green sod covering the graves, and repeated the *Elegy*, applying its stanzas to the objects around us. One part of the cemetery in a particular manner arrested our attention. It was a little enclosure, planted with the yew, the evergreen branches of which overhung the graves, and partly concealed the marble monuments. A rose grew by its side, and was in full bloom, its leaves and flowers intermingling with the cypress. Many of the tombstones in the church-yard are old and rude, the dates extending back far beyond the period, when the poet was wont to make this retreat the scene of his evening rambles and solitary meditations. There was a pleasure in the reflection, that he had trodden the same turf we were now treading, and had paused to read the same inscriptions, the same "holy texts and uncouth rhymes," which have become scarcely legible, overgrown as they are with moss and half obliterated by the hand of time.

But the banks of the Cam furnish still less equivocal prototypes of his poetical images, and more vivid traces of the footsteps of his Muse:

"Ye brown o'erarching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where mallow Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn,
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia, silver bright,
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
With freedom by my side, and soft-eyed melancholy."

The foregoing passage is entirely graphic, and accurately descriptive of the scenery upon the banks of this classic stream, along the immediate margin of which we sauntered on our return, following its meanders through the wide meadow which it passes before reaching Cambridge. Its waters are clear, but sluggish; and for the greater part of the way, the channel is overarched by willows, growing upon its borders. Its current is in many places choked with rushes and other aquatic plants, among which Matthews, the intimate friend of Lord Byron, was entangled and drowned while in the act of bathing. At this season of the year, the water seems scarcely deep or wide enough to admit of such an accident, in the place where it occurred.

On the left bank, near the colleges, there is a beautiful grove, called *Erasmus' Walk*. It was the favourite retreat of the eminent scholar of that name, who was educated at Cambridge. A more sequestered, cool, and quiet shade for reading and meditation cannot be imagined; and here he probably acquired much of that depth of learning, as well as that pure latinity, for which he was so distinguished. But I have done:—for there would be no end to this letter, should it attempt to describe all the classic shades and all the interesting objects, around this ancient seat of the Muses, hallowed by the associations of genius and learning.

LAWS OF MAINE.

AN ACT to set off Washington Remick from Kittery to Elliot.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That Washington Remick, with his polls, and the estate which he owns or occupies, in the town of Kittery, in the County of York, be, and herchy is set off from said town of Kittery, and annexed to the town of Elliot, in the same County: *Provided however*, That said Remick shall be held to pay all taxes assessed upon him in said town of Kittery, previous to the passing of this Act. [Approved by the Governor, Feb. 8, 1826.]

AN ACT additional to An Act, to regulate the taking of Salmon, Shad and Alewives in the town of Machias, passed February twenty-seventh, one thousand eight hundred and ten.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That from and after the passing of this Act, if any person or persons, shall, in any way or manner, take any Salmon at the Falls on the West river of Machias, in the town of West Machias, within four rods of the rock usually called the Oven, or at any place in said Falls, between said rock and the Rolling Dam, so called, or if any person or persons, shall be directly or indirectly concerned in taking Salmon as aforesaid, or shall knowingly accept of, receive or purchase any Salmon, so taken, he or they, upon conviction thereof, shall severally forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one dollar for each and every Salmon so taken, received or purchased, for the use of the town, to be recovered on complaint before any Justice of the Peace in said town, (or in any town adjoining,) made by any one of the fish committee of said town of West Machias.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That if, upon trial of any such complaint, it shall be found that the defendant is not guilty, judgment shall be rendered for the defendant, for his cost: And if the Justice, who may try the same, shall certify that the complainant had probable cause for believing that the defendant was guilty thereof, the said defendant's cost, and all other cost arising on said complaint, (except the complainant's fees as a witness,) shall be refunded to the complainant by the town.

Sect. 3. Be it further enacted, That any of the penalties, not over twenty dollars, mentioned in the Act to which this is additional, may be recovered in an action of debt, before any Justice of the Peace, in the County of Washington, whether the said Justice may reside in West Machias or not.

Sect. 4. Be it further enacted, That at the annual meeting of the inhabitants of the town of West Machias, for the choice of town officers, there shall be chosen a committee of three or more persons, who shall have the same powers, within the said town, which the fish committee of Machias had, by virtue of the Act, to which [this] is additional. [Approved by the Governor, Feb. 10, 1826.]

AN ACT for the relief of School Districts in Bucksport and Orland.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That all that part of the eighth school district, in Bucksport, in the County of Hancock, which lies in the seventh range of lots in said town, and the second school district in Orland, in the same County, be, and they hereby are, authorized and empowered, for the more convenient support of schools, to unite in the erection of a school house, or in the support and maintenance of any one now erected, at such place, in either of said districts, as the inhabitants of both said districts may agree upon: And said school house, so erected or adopted, may be maintained, used, and occupied, in common by the inhabitants of the several parts or districts hereby united, for their common benefit, for the term of fifteen years; and the inhabitants aforesaid, shall have all the powers and privileges incident by law to school districts.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That the monies raised by, and assessed and apportioned for, the use of the territory before mentioned, in Bucksport, and the second school district in Orland, hereby united as aforesaid, shall be applied to the support of a school in one place, for the common use and benefit of both of said districts, so long as they both agree thereto, not exceeding the term of fifteen years.

Sect. 3. Be it further enacted, That the inhabitants of Bucksport, shall have and retain the right of annexing to any new school districts hereafter formed in said town, any settlers who may locate themselves on the westerly end of any lot or lots in said seventh range; and the town of Orland shall have the same rights and powers in regard to new settlers, on unoccupied lots in that town.

Sect. 4. Be it further enacted, That the town officers, in each of the towns of Bucksport and Orland, whenever requested by the proper officers of said united district, are hereby required to do and perform all the duties in relation thereto, which by law they are authorized and directed to do and perform, in respect to any other school districts, in their several towns: *Provided however*, That in all apportionments of money, regard shall be had to the number of scholars, residing in the respective towns.

Sect. 5. Be it further enacted, That all property owned by the united district aforesaid, at the expiration of said term of fifteen years, shall be sold at auction, and the whole proceeds of such sale, shall be fairly and equally distributed among all the inhabitants of said districts, according to what they shall have paid in the tax next preceding such sale.

Sect. 6. Be it further enacted, That the first meeting of the legal voters in said united school district, shall, and may be called, by order of the Selectmen of either of the towns of Bucksport or Orland, on a written application therefor.

Sect. 7. Be it further enacted, That for the purpose of assessing and apportioning taxes, to be collected in the said district, hereby formed, there shall be a board constituted by one of the assessors from each of said towns of Bucksport and Orland, (who shall be designated by a majority of the assessors in each of said towns,) and the Clerk of the united district hereby formed; and said board thus constituted, shall have all the powers and duties incident to assessors of towns, in regard to school districts, within their respective limits; and their warrants under seal, and in legal form, directed to the constables or collectors of either of the towns aforesaid, shall be executed in the same manner, and under the same liabilities and penalties as if such warrants had been issued by the assessors of the town, to which such constable or collector belongs; and the money, when collected, shall be paid over to the treasurer of either of said towns, and the expenses of assessment and collection, shall be paid equally by said towns of Bucksport and Orland. [Approved by the Governor, Feb. 13, 1826.]

John Mayberry, aged about 22, was lately killed by lightning, at Chenango, (Penn.) He was leaning against the door-casing, when the vein which struck the end of the house, passed down the casing, and through his body to the floor. Four other persons in the house escaped without injury.

FOREIGN.

By an arrival at New-York European papers have been received to the 5th ultimo. We are indebted to the editors of the New-York Statesman for the following extracts from them.

From Galignani's Messenger, of April 29.

MISSOLOGHI. For a month past the most contradictory intelligence has been received from the Levant, relative to the fate of Missolonghi. The clashing accounts, when considered separately, carried with them such an air of improbability, that no other course remained for us than to lay the differing details before our readers, leaving it to time to elucidate the truth. The advices received from all quarters now coincide in stating that Missolonghi, so far from having fallen, is victorious, it is with much pleasure we communicate the following intelligence:

Extract of a private letter, dated Venice, April 15th: "Ibrahim Pacha is defeated, and Greece once more victorious! Letters from Prevesa, Santa Maura, Ithaca, and Sante, of the 26th, 28th, and 29th ult. assure us that Ibrahim, tired of seeing his troops detained since November, before the walls of a petty fortress, resolved, after seeing all his propositions rejected with disdain, to try his fortune once more. To that effect he made preparations, and on the 24th ult. determined to attempt a general assault. A brisk cannonading first announced the enemy's attack; and shortly after, upon a signal being given, disciplined troops were seen to advance on one side, and irregular hordes of Chiptars, Asiatics, and Mamelukes, on the other. Ibrahim, sword in hand, commanded in person. He advanced the first upon one of the ramparts named Doyand, which is near the sea. His troops were following him with boldness, when all at once the advanced guard, upon whom a shower was poured by the artillery of the fortress, were thrown into disorder. The Pacha was wounded; and the rumour of this event being spread among the troops, completely disheartened them. The Greeks without losing a moment, took advantage of the disorder of the enemy, opened the town gates, and made a vigorous sortie, which was seconded by Col. Fabvier, who came up upon the enemy's rear with 2000 men of infantry and 700 cavalry, and by Gouras, Karaiscaki, and other Armatoles, who took with them more than seven thousand men picked out of the Peloponnesus of Romania. The Barbarians were completely routed; and Ibrahim, wounded and ashamed of his defeat, had scarcely time to take refuge at Patras, with the remainder of his army. All the enemy's baggage and materiel fell into the hands of the conquerors. It is asserted that a very high personage fell in the action; for on the field of battle was found a turban adorned with a *regard*, set in diamonds, (a kind of plume which the Sultan sends to Generals who by their valour have shown themselves entitled to distinction.) Letters of the 1st inst. from Zante, announce that Ibrahim is dead of his wound. The same letters say that the Greek fleet, which had gone to Hydra for repair, was to put to sea on the 26th ult. The different sources from which this intelligence has reached me, and the respectable character of my correspondents, banish all doubt of its truth. You and all the friends of Greece may rejoice, and look for more ample details of this memorable day. At the moment when I was going to seal this, a letter reached me from Trieste, by which I learn that the steam vessel that left Corfu on the 6th inst. brought full confirmation of the victory of the complete deliverance of Missolonghi. The God of Christians has at length had pity upon a handful of men, whose destruction had been sworn by the forces of the two Continents combined. Let us render to him homage for his omnipotent benevolence, and pray him to continue to assist the people who are fighting for religion and liberty!"

The following letter, dated Florence, April 18, is addressed to the Duke de Choiseul, by M. Egnard:

"The intelligence from Missolonghi is rather more favourable. Our heroes still hold out. The subjoined letter has been written me by the Metropolitan:

"Missolonghi still maintains her ground. My letters from Corfu say that that fortress has just resisted a fresh assault. The Egyptians approached as far as the Downs, but there they were vigorously repulsed with great loss. An Egyptian officer of high rank perished, but they concealed his name. The town was expecting succor from Salona. It appears, adds the archbishop, that the action took place on the sea side. I knew that Ibrahim had commanded all his troops who were at Gastouni and Pyrgos (to maintain a communication with himself and the fort of Modon and Navarino) to pass immediately to Patras, and it appears that it was with fresh forces that he made this assault, which has proved as fruitless as the preceding. I hope that this immortal town will be saved, for the garrison outdoes itself, and gives time to the Greeks to come to its succor. Let us hope; God is almighty, and our Greeks most brave! I know nothing positive about the fleet; but the son of Miallis is gone to seek his father, and he is expected every moment to appear off Missolonghi."

Extract of a letter dated Corfu, March 28. "Ibrahim Pacha renewed his attacks upon Missolonghi on the 23d, 24th, and 25th ult. and made his troops go up to the assault on different sides at once, but they were repulsed in every direction with considerable loss. On the latter day, at the moment when the chief himself rushed into a breach that had just been opened, he received a mortal wound. The heroic conduct of the defenders of Missolonghi excites general enthusiasm throughout the Ionian islands."

A letter of the 27th ult. from Corfu, gives the following instance of the atrocious cruelty of Ibrahim Pacha:—"Ibrahim having been repulsed in ten assaults upon Missolonghi, caused 2 priests, 5 women, and 3 children, to be impaled in front of his batteries, and upon the most elevated point, thinking that he should thus intimidate the heroic defenders of Missolonghi. He immediately sent a summons to surrender to the besieged captains, promising to establish them in the posts of Armatolis that each of them occupied under Ali Tebelen Pacha, of Janina. In the event of refusal they were threatened with the fate of their impaled brethren." At that moment, 700 Suliotas and others, indignant at what they had seen and heard, made a sortie, sword in hand, fell upon the enemy, and killed all before them. If these brave assailants were unable to give their brethren honours of burial, they, at least, avenged their death by the slaughter of 330 of the barbarians. A few days ago the Missolonghiets would have sent their wives and children to the Ionian islands, but the latter refused to quit their husbands at the moment of their greatest need.

The following intelligence, dated Constantinople, March 26, is from the Austrian Observer:—"The French corvette L'Estafette has had, in the waters of Syria, a very warm engagement with two Greek armed vessels, which had visited a convoy composed of French and Austrian ships. One of the corsairs was dismantled and the other put to flight. Another encounter is mentioned to have taken place between Austrian vessels and Greek corsairs, the latter having attempted to visit some convoys which were entrusted to the former. The vicinity of the Dardanelles, is at this moment so completely infested with these corsairs, that the Porte is fitting out a new squadron to send against them, her other fleets being already engaged off Missolonghi, in the gulf of Lepanto."

The state of things in the Peloponnesus improves every day, and every thing is become more regular, and returning to order. The National Assembly, which has been convoked, not at Megara, but at Althora, (between Corinth and Argos,) carries on its business with zeal. The government has commanded Colothi to set out and assemble and re-unite the forces of the chiefs of Romania, and fly with them to the relief of Missolonghi. Colocotroni is to remain blockading Tripolitza, until that place, pressed by famine, is forced to surrender. Colopolo is to go to Patras, and Nicetas is to observe those of the enemy who are at Navarino, and the president, Cenduriottis, at the head of the Spartates, is to besiege Modon and Coron.

Letter from Corfu, April 4.

I have the pleasure to announce to you the happy news of the death of the famous Ibrahim. This news has been brought to day officially from Prevesa, to which place three Tartars have been despatched to fetch surgeons, who did not find him alive. Ibrahim in the attack on Missolonghi, seeing his troops discouraged, and in part destroyed by the fire of the Greeks, rushed towards the ramparts of the place, with his sabre in his hand, at the head of some men whom he had been able to rally; but a Greek having perceived him, took so good aim at him that he fell on the spot.

Other letters from Zante, by way of Trieste, confirm the defeat of Ibrahim.

Letter from Corfu, dated April 6.

The last letters from Missolonghi entirely confirm the preceding accounts—namely, the complete defeat of Ibrahim, mortally wounded in the action, and the arrival of Fabvier with the Greek Chiefs before named. They also state the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the re-taking of Vasiladi.

Extract of a letter from the agent to Lloyd's at Trieste, dated April 20:—"The Austrians are sitting out a squadron to cruise against the Greeks in the Archipelago, who principally with their small craft, have done great injury to the trade. The losses of the different insurance companies here are estimated at 70,000. The communication with the Levant is in consequence much restricted, and the few vessels that proceed up the Arches rendezvous at Zante, to wait for the convoy of Austrian ships of war."

DOMESTIC.

BEAUCHAMP CONVICTED. The following letters have been received by a gentleman in New-York, from his correspondent in Lexington, (Ky.):

"LEXINGTON, 22d May, 1826.

"An event of the greatest moment has just occurred at Frankfort: Beauchamp, charged with the murder of Sharp, was found guilty on the 19th inst. and, on being brought out to receive the sentence of the court, his lawyers offered an act of the Legislature of the 12th January, 1825, which contains a clause repealing punishment for murder in this State, by a construction which our best Judges consider proper. Under this clause, Beauchamp must be discharged; and what is more to be regretted, the construction goes to declare, that no person can be punished for murder, subsequent to the said 12th January, 1825. The call of the Legislature immediately will be the result."

"LEXINGTON, May 23, 1826.

"I had the pleasure of addressing you yesterday on the subject of Beauchamp's trial, and the unprecedented state which this country was likely to be placed in on the eve of a great election contest.—Judge Davidge, who presided in the above trial, has thought proper to pass sentence, and ordered Beauchamp to be hanged on the 7th July, but, still, all men of high legal attainments pronounce the law punishing for murder to have been repealed, and that no person can be legally convicted for that crime. There is no appeal from the opinion of Judge Davidge; therefore, the man will be hanged, and the country, in some degree, tranquillized by this construction of the law. I am glad to state, that the excitement in the State is greatly diminished, compared with last year. P. S. I do not believe that the Legislature will be called, as was expected yesterday."

From the Onondaga Journal.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE. On the afternoon of the 17th ult. the house of a Mr. John McKenzie, of Lysander, in this county, took fire as is supposed from some chips which were burning near it, and the building with its contents was consumed before it was known to be on fire, (Mr. McKenzie and his wife being absent;) and what remains most horrible to relate, three children, confined in the house, fell a prey to the ravages of the devastating flame! No vestige of the helpless sufferers could be found, except the remnant of a skull, which was burned to a cinder! The eldest was about six years, and the youngest only fourteen months old.

[Will people never learn to be cautious how they confine their little ones, without protectors in houses during their absence? The carelessness of the parents in the above, and all similar cases, deprives them of more than a moiety of that sympathy which a feeling world would be eager to bestow, were they not thus culpable. Little children should never be left in a house alone, and above all, should not be imprisoned, and thus subjected to any and every horrible death, which accident, in the absence of their natural protectors, may originate.—Balt. Pat.]

Burlington, (Vt.) June 2.

DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCE. A child in Colchester, about 25 months old, was missed by its parents on Tuesday, the 23d ult. A search was immediately commenced by the parents and those in the neighbourhood, and continued during the night and afternoon of the following day, which proved unsuccessful. The alarm was given in this village Wednesday afternoon, by the ringing of the bells, and several of the citizens repaired with promptitude to the dwelling of the unfortunate parents, and commenced a diligent search, through the forests and the adjoining fields, which was kept up until late in the evening, when they returned without having made any discovery. By this time, so severe was the affliction to the mother of the child, that she became mentally deranged.—Early on Thursday morning the alarm was

again given, and several hundreds recommenced the search, which was attended with as little success as formerly, until late in the afternoon, when tracks were found; but they were still under the painful necessity of returning without further success. On Friday morning the party again met, and dispersed in different directions, with but faint hopes of finding the child alive; but were, however, happily disappointed. It was found in the afternoon, in Sunderland Hollow, on the bank of a stream, caught by its clothes on a bush, about two miles from home, and restored to its parents, after having been lost three days and three nights, whose overjoyed feelings can be better imagined than described. Although the child was extremely weak when found, we understand it is now fast recovering. Sentinel.

Charleston, (S. C.) June 2.

A warrant was yesterday taken out against a man of the name of James Humphreys, mate of the sloop Eclipse, under the following circumstances: The Eclipse, under the command of Capt. Churchill, was bound from Key West for Jupiter or Indian river, but experiencing very severe weather, during which she lost some of her rigging, she put into Tybee on Monday last, and landed her two passengers, a man and his wife, at the light-house. The Captain and Humphreys then went up to Savannah. On the next day, Humphreys, accompanied by four other men, came on board, and stating to the boy that he had received orders from the Captain, he got the vessel under way and proceeded to sea. His companions then returned.—Humphreys told the boy he was going to shape his course for Montauk Point, but falling asleep and continuing so all night, the boy steered close in shore. On Wednesday afternoon, they made Charleston light-house, which Humphreys called Bald Head Light. The boy would not apprize him of his error, but persuaded him to come in, which he did for the purpose of procuring liquor. On coming in, he ran ashore on Drunken Dick, but getting off again, anchored off Sullivan's Island, to which he went up with the boy in the boat. The boy, giving information, steps were taken to arrest him, but without success on that evening; yesterday morning he attempted to escape to sea, but running near the fort, he was taken and lodged in jail, and the sloop-taken possession of by Capt. Matthews, of the Revenue Cutter, and brought up to town.

The Savannah Georgian of the 1st inst. contains an advertisement of Capt. Churchill, offering \$50 reward for the recovery of the sloop, which he states to have been "stolen or run away with from Cockspur on the evening of the 30th of May, by James Humphreys, acting mate."—Charleston City Gazette.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE LOCUSTS. The accounts we have received from various parts of the Commonwealth, describe the drought as particularly distressing. Some of the wells have dried up; and even some of the mills, which are situated upon the rivers, are arrested or reduced in their operations by the want of water. The growing crops of rye, oats, clover, &c. is much injured in the fields. We have not had rain, since we last mentioned the drought, except a slight shower on Sunday night. But the weatherwise prophets say, that as the moon is now full, we may look out for plentiful showers.—So mote it be.

Another peculiarity of this spring is, the vast number of Locusts, which people many of the woods. The appearance of this noisy insect is said to be periodical; but observers occasionally differ as to the seasons of its return. Some say it is the 7th; others the 17th year. If it be either the one or the other, the phenomenon is strange enough; and its solution remains among the "things in heaven and earth, which are not dreamed of in our philosophy." They abound in the forests of oak; sometimes many of them swarming on one tree, and scarcely one tree whose foliage escapes the devourer. We have heard of their swarming in many parts; south of the James River, on the Pamunkey, as high up as the vicinity of the Blue Ridge, &c. In this neighbourhood, the Locusts have cast their old shells; and they are in the act of depositing their eggs.—Plucking off the branch of the tree on which you see them, you will discover several longitudinal slits in the bark, almost in a line with each other; on opening which you find the rows of eggs lying under the bark. These eggs are white; and from their number promise a plentiful crop of the insect. The present Locust of the woods is different in several of its characters from the one, which regularly visits our houses and yards in the autumn. The former has a body of a deep brown colour, and the edges of its gauze wings are of a deep yellow—the other is larger, and all its colours are much lighter, being greenish, &c. The former has a murmuring mournful note, something like that of the small frog; the latter utters the shrillest note known to us; so much so as apparently to make the interior of the ear to quiver with the agitation.

The Asiatic travellers tell us of the immense devastation which is occasioned by the swarms of locusts in those regions; eating up almost every species of herbage, shrub, and corn; and threatening man himself with a famine. We do not apprehend any such calamity from our present visitants. They have not yet attacked our fields; and will no doubt find leaves enough to subsist upon, until the heat of the summer or the drenching of the rains shall drive them away.

TRAVELLING SEASON COMMENCED. Visitors are flocking to Saratoga Springs from all directions. There are between three and four hundred at that place already and the number is continually augmenting.

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THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1826.

MASONIC FESTIVAL. The Festival of St John the Baptist has excited more than ordinary attention among Masons, especially in the New-England States.—Judging from what information we possess on the subject, it will be very generally observed; and we feel pleased that the Brethren of the "mystic tie" are making such extensive arrangements to celebrate the day, which is dear to every mason, and one which serves to recal to his mind some of the most pleasing and instructive scenes of his life.

St Oriental Star Lodge will assemble at Jay, on Saturday next; and the Tranquil Lodge, at Minot, on the same day, for the purpose of celebrating said Festival.

The Governor and Council convene this day in Portland.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS for this County closed its June Term on Friday last. As was observed in our last, Justice Perham presided, it being the first time that he has held the Court in this County.—We understand he gave general satisfaction to the gentlemen of the Bar, as well as to all parties interested.—His charges to the Jury were plain, and his conduct was characterized by patience and faithfulness in the investigation of all the cases which came before him.—There were no criminal actions, and but one of any kind which excited much interest; and for the following account of it we are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman of the Bar:—

In the Court of Common Pleas holden in this village last week, an action was tried before Justice PERHAM, which being of first impression in this County, excited considerable attention and curiosity.—The action was *Sarah Plummer vs. Joshua Dennot*, for an assault and false imprisonment of the plaintiff by the defendant.—The plaintiff, it appeared in evidence, was a young woman of about twenty-five, an orphan—and by trade a tailoress. The defendant was a man of about fifty, a husband—father—and householder of the town of Bridgton. The plaintiff came to the town of Bridgton about two years since in order to work at her trade.—The defendant invited the plaintiff to make it her home at his house, and proffered to her his friendship and protection. But soon after the plaintiff took up her abode at the defendant's house, he began to make attempts to seduce the plaintiff. Upon this discovery of the nature of the protection which the defendant designed to extend to the plaintiff, she left his domicile and hired a house to which she removed. Sometime after her removal, the defendant called at her residence, found her alone, closed the windows and door, and proceeded to make a rude assault upon the plaintiff, in which her clothes were vilely torn, &c.—Sometime after this, the plaintiff called on a magistrate in order to make complaint against defendant for this assault.—The defendant learning what the plaintiff was meditating against him, immediately sued out a writ for *slander* against Miss P., the present plaintiff, and ordered her to be arrested and held to bail, or committed to jail; and she was accordingly arrested. But neglecting to give bail after being held a prisoner for a day or two, Dennot took back his writ from the officer and proceeded no farther with his action of *slander*. For these assaults, and this arrest, Miss P. brought her action of *Trespass and False Imprisonment*.

The defence of this action was conducted by Messrs. *Fessenden and Pike*, with distinguished ability and talent; and on the part of the plaintiff by Mr. *Hove*, with his usual ability and correctness.—The Judge charged the Jury with impartiality and clearness. The Jury retired, and after about two hours returned into Court with a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed damages in the sum of *forty-four dollars*.

At the recent Term of the Court of Common Pleas for this County, *Timothy J. Carter*, and *Nathaniel Haynes*, Esquires, were admitted as Attorneys at said Court.

DROUGHT. Melancholy accounts are received from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and several of the Southern States, respecting the almost unprecedented dry weather with which they have been visited the present season. Vegetation has nearly disappeared in many places, and it was with difficulty that sustenance sufficient for cattle could be found. In addition to the above particulars, the Hessian Fly had made dreadful havoc in many fields of wheat, they having been entirely destroyed by them. While these and other places are visited by these distressing scourges, the low lands upon the Mississippi, have been overflowed by water, that majestic and noble river having been higher the present season than for several years past.

"A gentleman from the western parts of N. York, (says the *Keene Sentinel*), speaks of the drought as excessive in all the Western country. The farmers were planting their corn last week a second time, as but very little had come up. The wheat crop will be essentially diminished.

"The worms this year have been unusually destructive to vines, vegetables, and even grass. It is astonishing how much pains many people will take to save their vines, by digging every day for worms, and pinching bugs and flies, and after all loose three fourths of their plants, when two dozen boxes, covered with millinet, and placed over the hills half an inch deep, so effectually secures them. Nothing can touch the plants, and their growth is greatly accelerated. The price of these boxes may be \$1.50 per doz. and with care they will last ten years.

"Grasshoppers are unusually plenty, and threaten very extensive injury."

A GREAT STORY. It is stated on good authority, that a company of fishermen, consisting of eight men, caught at one haul, a million and a half of fish, called Moss Bunkers. This is, no doubt, true; but it must have taken some time to count them. The same paper states, that the same company have caught nine millions of the same kind of fish within three weeks. This would employ twelve men during that time to count them. We should think, on the whole, that it is altogether a *fish story*.

LEAD MINE. We have been informed that a Lead Mine has been discovered in *Eaton*, (N.H.) on land owned by Gen. *James W. Ripley*.—The Mine is supposed to be of considerable extent, and very rich.

A New Post-Office has been established in Leeds, called "*Leeds South*;" and *Martin Leonard*, Esq. appointed Postmaster.

FIRE. In Carthage, (late No. 4, in this County), on the 18th of May, a dwelling-house, a new and valuable grist-mill, a saw-mill, a barn, owned by John Bowley, a clapboard and shingle factory, a blacksmith's shop, owned by John A. & Hiram A. Pitts, and a small shop of goods, owned by Nathan Randall, together with a large quantity of lumber, owned by the above gentlemen and others, were consumed by fire. Loss estimated at \$5,000.

FIRE!—We have to record an account of a most distressing Fire which broke out in this town (Portland) on Sunday morning (11th inst.) about half past 2 and continued its ravages till 5 o'clock. This is believed to be the most destructive conflagration that has happened in this town since it was burnt in 1775, by Mowat. The fire commenced in an unoccupied and unfinished shop belonging to Joseph Thaxter, on Fore street, burnt the new dwelling house and store on the corner of Fore and Cross streets, belonging to Mrs. Shea, who has now twice sustained the loss of her house and store by fire within the short term of ten months, and in its progress consumed all the buildings on Fore street, between Cross and Union streets, and the buildings in the rear of those on Fore street, extending up Union street as high as the vacant lot lately purchased for the Canal Bank, and also all the wooden buildings on the easterly side of Union street, except that on the corner of Union and Fore streets occupied by D. Morse as a tavern.

The sufferers, as near as we have been able to ascertain the facts, are, on the corner of Cross and Fore streets, Mrs. Shea, dwelling house and store, goods and furniture principally saved, no insurance.

On Fore street, Joseph Thaxter, new store nearly finished, into which John Leavitt had put some goods—Stetson & Lindsey, store of W. I. Goods and Groceries, about half of their goods removed, no insurance—Roberts' boarding house, furniture principally saved, insured on his house \$700 and on furniture \$300, by Cumberland Ins. Company—John Leavitt, store, his goods had been partially removed to Thaxter's new store, insured \$1200 on stock, by Agency of Wm. Swan, Esq.—Dwelling house occupied by Mrs. South-er and Mr. Soule, neither insured, their furniture principally removed—Harlow & Baker, store, owned by them, W. I. Goods, &c. whole stock \$5000, probably saved about \$2500, no insurance.

On the westerly side of Union street, a dwelling house occupied by John Carle, furniture saved—Bake house occupied by Richards & Roberts—Jas. Barnes, turner, dwelling house and shop, his tools and furniture principally saved—Adjoining the house of Mr. Barnes, a dwelling house occupied by J. M. Gates, and owned by Martin Gore, furniture removed; Mr. Gore was insured \$1200 by the Agency of Joseph Pope, Esq.—East of Barnes' shop, a small shop, lower part occupied by Richards & Roberts as a retail bread shop, upper part occupied by A. Somerby, chair maker, goods saved—Shop belonging to W. A. Noyes, painter—adjoining that, a small shop lately placed there by M. Gore.—Here the progress of the fire was arrested by the vacant lot owned by Canal Bank.

On the easterly side of Union street, a dwelling house occupied by John Averill and Mrs. Snow, widow, and owned by Miss Ellen Day, furniture saved, \$1000 insured on the house by Cumberland Ins. Company—A cabinet-maker's shop occupied by N. Stickney, goods removed—A small tenement occupied by K. Randall, caskmaker, as a dwelling house, furniture saved—Dwelling house and shop owned and occupied by Abel Simpson, goods and furniture removed, no insurance; another family by the name of Staples occupied a part of Mr. Simpson's house, furniture saved—Mrs. Homer, widow, dwelling house, occupied by herself and J. B. Cahoon, furniture principally saved—A small dwelling house owned by Mrs. Homer, and occupied by Israel Foster, furniture saved; Mrs. Homer was insured \$1200 by Cumb. Ins. Comp. and J. B. Cahoon on furniture, \$200—B. & N. Hsley, cabinet-maker's shop, goods removed, no insurance—A dwelling house owned by Jabez Clapp, cooper, occupied by himself, furniture principally saved, no insurance—A two story building owned by Rev. Joshua Taylor, upper part occupied by him as a school room, lower part by Nelson Rackliff, as a painter's shop, goods removed; this building was torn down but afterwards burnt, and the fire extended no farther in this direction.

In the rear of the buildings on the east side of Union street, several barns, out-buildings, &c. were burnt, and several barns and out-buildings between Union and Cross streets.

Benjamin Willis of Boston, owned the land and buildings on Fore street between Thaxter's store and that of Harlow & Baker, and on Union street between Harlow & Baker's and the shop of Mr. Barnes; he was not insured.

At the store of Harlow & Baker, Mr. John Sayward was badly injured, and Mr. Dexter Brewer slightly hurt, by the falling of the chamber floor, the building being partially torn down. Mr. Newman had his arm broken by a fall from Mr. Pool's stable. Mr. Allen Hamblen narrowly escaped being burnt in Mr. Barnes' house, he appeared at the garret window 25 or 30 feet from the ground, when the lower part of the building was in a light blaze, so that a retreat was impossible except by a leap from the window, or by a descent on the spout, which was so far distant that no one under different circumstances would on any consideration have attempted to pass that way. His situation excited for a few moments exquisite pain; it was the agony of sympathy. He escaped by the spout—but he had scarcely secured his hold upon it, when the fire caught in several places at a distance from the burning buildings, but was extinguished. The wind blew very strong from the south, and carried pieces of burning shingles, &c. to the burying-ground, half a mile distant. It was a horrid scene, much more terrific than the fire about five weeks since; the wind threatened to drive the fire to a much greater distance from the place of its beginning. It is a matter of surprise that it was stopped without greater damage, as the buildings next in its way were of wood and were several times on fire.—The whole loss has not been ascertained, but probably exceeds \$25,000.

It is cause of great astonishment that so few procure insurance on their property, when it may be had at so low a premium, especially when there is so much danger, in consequence of the great number of wooden buildings.

The citizens were prompt in repairing to the fire when alarmed by the ringing of the bells—and the several Engine Companies are entitled to great credit for their unremitting exertions to arrest the progress of the fire. But we cannot refrain from expressing our indignation at the conduct of many present, who discovered so much indifference at the suffering of their fellow-citizens, as to permit themselves to stand idle and behold the devouring element destroying their neighbour's property, without lending any aid to arrest its progress, even when requested. Any man, who can refuse his assistance, or even stand an idle spectator, on such an occasion, must be devoid of the common sympathies of our nature, and is unworthy of the privilege of society.

It is believed that this conflagration is the work of an incendiary, as the fire commenced in an unoccupied building, and no reason can be assigned for its existence there unless placed there by design and with a wicked intent.

Eastern Argus.

Died.

In Dixmont, Mr. Abijah Twitchell, aged 50 years. In Garland, Mr. Benjamin Stevens. In Cambridge, (Mass.) Mrs. Eunice Wilde, wife of Hon. Judge Wilde, formerly of Hallowell.

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the Members of Oxford Lodge will be held at Mason's Hall, in Paris, on Tuesday the 27th day of June instant, at two of the clock in the afternoon.—A punctual attendance of the Officers and Members is particularly requested.

Per order of the Worshipful Master,
THOMAS CLARK, Secretary.

Paris, June 22, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Greenwood.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of land in the town of Greenwood, lying in the north part of said town, formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant—and in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, to collect for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Taxes for 1824.	Taxes for 1825.
Unknown,	8 1 100	\$3 00	0 90	1 92
5 4 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
11 4 50	20 00	0 34	0 96	1 30
7 8 100	53 00	0 90	0 96	1 86
2 5 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
7 5 50	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
5 5 80	45 00	0 76	1 60	2 36
5 5 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
7 6 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
2 7 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
6 8 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
12 9 75	38 00	0 64	1 92	2 56
13 9 66	33 00	0 56	1 28	1 84
Gideon Swan, 14 9	66 50	0 85	0 85	0 85

The following Lots formerly tax'd to Capt. Roger Merrill.

Unknown,	8 1 100	\$3 00	0 90	1 92
5 4 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
11 4 50	20 00	0 34	0 96	1 30
7 8 100	53 00	0 90	0 96	1 86
2 5 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
7 5 50	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
5 5 80	45 00	0 76	1 60	2 36
5 5 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
7 6 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
2 7 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
6 8 100	53 00	0 90	1 92	2 82
12 9 75	38 00	0 64	1 92	2 56
13 9 66	33 00	0 56	1 28	1 84
Gideon Swan, 14 9	66 50	0 85	0 85	0 85

Formerly taxed to Stephen Purinton, Esq.

Unknown, 10 4 100 53 00 0 90 1 92 2 82

8 8 80 44 00 0 74 1 60 2 34

The following Lot formerly taxed to Capt. Roger Merrill—taxes on said Lot for the year 1824.

5 6 100 60 00 1 2 1 26 2 28

Gideon Swan, 1824.

Unknown, 14 9 66 50 00 0 85 0 85

And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before MONDAY the eighteenth day of SEPTEMBER next, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of Enoch CORNWELL, in said town of Greenwood, on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

JOHN SMALL, Collector of Taxes

in said town.

Greenwood, June 12th, A. D. 1826.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOSHUA SMITH, Executor of the last Will and Testament of **JOSIAH SMITH**, late of Paris, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:—

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

MOSES FLETCHER, Guardian to the heirs of **WILLIAM THOMAS**, late of North-Yarmouth, having presented his first account of Guardianship of the estate of said wards:—

ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOHN BRIGGS, Jr., Administrator on the estate of **ELIAS STURTEJANT**, late of Sumner, Esq. deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:—

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOHN BRIGGS, Jr., Administrator on the estate of **ELIAS STURTEJANT**, late of Sumner, Esq. deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:—

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ON the Petition of **NATHANIEL STONE**, Administrator of the estate of **CORNELIUS STONE**, late of Watertown, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts of which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of eleven hundred and thirty-three dollars and nineteen cents—and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:—

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, and in the *Columbian Centinel*, printed in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of said Court.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ON the Petition of **REBECCA P. LYFORD**, Administratrix of the estate of **FRANCIS LYFORD**, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:—

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOSEPH SOULE, of Hartford, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of **ELIJAH SOULE**, late of Hartford, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate:—

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Canton, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at three of the clock in the afternoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

STEPHEN HOLT, Administrator on the estate of **ASA HOLT**, late of Weld, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:—

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said County, on the thirteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

To the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford.

THE subscriber, Administrator de bonis non, on the Estate of **LUTHER PRATT**, late of Paris, deceased, respectfully represents, that the former Administrator on said Estate, represented the same as insolvent and insufficient to pay the debts of said deceased—that the claims against said Estate, as reported by the Commissioners, at a Probate Court holden for said County, on the 14th day of October, 1823, amounted to the sum of four hundred seventy dollars and twenty-five cents—that at a Probate Court holden for said County, on the 24th day of January, 1826, your Petitioner was licensed to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased as would produce the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.—Said Administrator further represents, that the interest on the amount of claims as reported as aforesaid, from the acceptance of said report to the present time, amounts to seventy-five dollars and twenty-three cents—which sum added to the amount of claims as aforesaid, amounts to five hundred and forty-five dollars and forty-eight cents.—Said Administrator further represents, that there is Real Estate remaining not administered upon, and that the assets in his hands, in his capacity as aforesaid, are insufficient to pay the amount of claims and interest thereon, by the sum of fifty-two dollars and ninety-three cents.—He therefore prays, that he may be further licensed to sell and convey so much of said Real Estate remaining as aforesaid, as will produce the said sum of fifty-two dollars and ninety-three cents, for the payment of said claims and the interest thereon, and the incidental charges.

THOMAS CLARK.

Paris, June 13, 1826.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1826—

Upon the foregoing Petition, ORDERED, That the Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said Petition with this Order thereon, to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon. Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

POETRY.

HE HAS NO WIFE.

He has no wife—he's quite alone,
Unthought, unhappy, and unknown;
His joys pass by, nor pleasure give,
He breathes, methinks, but does not live.

He has no wife—he does not know,
The joys, from wedded life that flow,
His absence, there is none to mourn,
No eye looks bright at his return.

He has no wife—his joys are few,
Though he is rich and healthy too;
Now selfish he, who will not share,
His wealth with woman, chaste and fair.

He has no wife—no prattler's smile,
Or lisping tongue, his hours beguile,
His heart no kind attachment knows,
Regardless both of friends and foes.

He has no wife—and is it meet,
That man should live to drink and eat;
For this, did the Almighty hand,
Form man the ruler of the land?

He has no wife—well, be it so—
His days are number'd here below;
He soon must go, whence none return,
And then—his dog and cat will mourn.

BALLAD.

From the Spanish—Upwards of two centuries old.

Blow light, thou balmy air,
My lady's couch above,
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.
Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep;
But all around, a dreamy sound,
And drowsy murmur creep.

O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again,
But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.

Blow gently, do not break
The stillness of her sleep;
I would not make my love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds, that borne in happier hour,
May wanton as ye will,
If round the bower, ye have the power,
To creep and murmur still,
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still.

THE OLIO.

From the New-Orleans Mercantile Advertiser.

Sir:—I have a brother, plague take him that I should say so, who has got a notion in his wise noddle that he is a philosopher, 'cause he has been to the States and New-York and them places, and heard some of doctor what's-his-name-there's lectures. He moreover pretends to be a "kennist," and "historien," and "filan-thronist," or what he calls a "litter-at-e-ye," and torments poor mother almost to death with his "experimental vibrations" and "concatenations." Please to tell him, Mr. Variable, for he admires your papers and always reads them, because they contain what he calls "pressure of time," that all the family don't like his conduct a bit.

Would you believe it, 'tother day mamma was boiling in the big iron pot some dumplings and pork and potatoes for dinner, and what do you think he done? Why, he pulled a little vial out of his pocket to try an "experiment" on them while mamma was gone into the pantry after salt, and poured something out of it into the pot which he said was "mercurius purissimus album," or some such sort of name. I know it set the potatoes and dumplings dancing rigadoons, coliffions and waltzes about the floor with each other, and gave me a fit of the highstricken convulsions:—pray tell me what kind of stuff that purin'-mus album is? It looked a good deal like quicksilver, such as mamma sends me to get at the 'pothecaries' shops to beat up with the whites of eggs to kill bed-bugs with.

Two or three nights ago a big cat which belongs to our house got into the closet where brother keeps all his "filosofical appertanances," (as he calls a parcel of droll looking things with long necks, twisted round like sarjents,) and knocked down off of one of the shelves a bottle of fos-fire-house; mamma, who was a bed, hearing the racket bawling out to brother Frank to get up and see what was the matter, for the house was full of a smell like brimstone. Brother Frank, who always keeps a candle burning in his room, to "contemplate" by when he wakes up in the night, told mother that it was only "the crush of matter" to relieve from "durance-eile" some "fos-fire-house," but he observed "that the trigononiter, or hydrometer of fire-in-heat," (I don't exactly remember which,) had not risen the "murcurry" to the "pin" when "fos-fire-house-in-flames" and so she might labour under no "comprelention of any Dilly-tare-a-house subsequenses."—Now mamma don't understand what brother calls "tack-nuckle frasiology," so she thought he said "the house was on fire" and she would be crushed in the wrick if she was not quick on the trigger; so she jumped out of bed and run to get out of the house-on-fire, but met Frank in her way at the door of his "Liesce-um," gathering up little white sticks which was smoking like fury, and putting them into his mouth to keep them, he said, from "ig-night-in," until he could get some "Aqua Disillatum" to put them in as the "mercurry" in the "Byrometer of fire-in-heat" was rising to a pint of "ig-nigh-shun."

I wish you would tell brother Frank to quit making use of "tack-nuckle terms" nobody about our house understands—every word he speaks must have "run," "cum," or "bum" at the end of it, or else "mus," "cus," or "bus"—except the "ologies," and we don't like to hear such outlandish talk.

The foolish Feller has got a great deal to say about one "Franklin" who regulated the light-

ning with "madjishun rods" and "gal-vanism," and "Shakespear in fine phrenzy rolling up to the looking glass of water," and "written-houses," and "newtown" and a "Mr. Farmacy" and "Logic" and a "goldsmith," one "Lock," "Alit-chell," and "Ben Fletcher," "Messrs. Beaumont and Put Johnson & Company," "fizzology," "granny ology," "taught-ology" and "trismegistus," saying he wants to "embrace the qualities" of all of them "big bugs" in his single person: mamma says he must be a great man to span round half of them.

I wish you would just come into our back yard, sometime, and take a look at his "comical worms," and "coolers" and "retorte."—Yesterday he took the only tea-kettle we have, to make a "still" of, and transmogrified one of the best washing tubs into a "razor-voir" to hold his "worms" for the "de-still-ation" of "oxen-gins" and "hydra-sta-ticks"—he has made a "gasoma-tear" of our large brass basin—I'm sure he needn't have done that, for poor mother and I has shed tears enough over his "very able ness" as he calls it, to fill it chock full; he has got a great thing, what he calls an "elect-try-firing machine," by which he is going to prove that thunder has no effect on feathers, on account of not having any "comical infinity" with them: he has killed our white gander and almost all the grey geesees with the plaguy thing, and has just began his "operations" on the hens and ducks, and I expect nothing else but he will kill them too. Night afore last we catch a rat, and my brother gave him a dose of "heluiferous night-row, merry-antic-gaz," I believe he called it, which made the rat cut fine "exhilarating convolutions" about the room; but he took a "sortee" as brother says, unfortunately on a "filly-and-tropical visitor" who come to see the sport, and almost deprived him of an "oral organ." Brother means that the rat jump at the "fizical intruder" and bit his ear most off.

Do, Mr. Variable, write a chunk of a letter to my brother and put a "period" to his "comical and phyzzy-ological experiments," or he will ruin our family by setting fire to the house with some of his "inflammation gasses."

Your well wisher,
BETSY SCRUBHARD.

COPY OF AN IRISH BILL. FROM THE ORIGINAL.

BALACON, May 3, 1814.

Mr. Patrick Lawless, Esq. To Mrs. Sooter, debtor.

For Brackage done the widows Consarnes in the Skirmage at her place on Wednesday night by the Cursing party.

To the Reverant Mr. Maxwell, Esq'r. nocking Mr. Jones through the clock case

To Master Frank Ogle, Esq'r. nocking down Joseph and his brethren and braken the frame

To do. spoiling the image of my dear son Dick which cum from Filadelfy and all the neabours said it was like him

To your cousin, Mr. Essex Forest broke three feet of the leg of mahogany table for rage that he would not be let at Jones

The girl says young Wearin kickt a pleat off the desk and broke Miss Smiths 3 real English flint tumbler which I borrowed for your honor, you mind and I cannot get any like em

To Mr. Jones for braken the Grid Iron handle when he shouldered it at the Captain of the army in rage

The mendin the lock of the door which Mr. Maxwell, Esquire spoiled in lock Master Frank and himself in with James when he brought the pistills

To braken a favorit Chamer, yourself ye mind in the room behind the kitchen

To braken two chairs

To braken the big Jug your honor made strong punch in

To harm done the room braken the other part of the Grid Iron and other damage which hurt the house terribly

Mr. Lawless, Esq. Sir—You will see all I suffer by the party that come on the Cursing party, and it would be hard if the widows consarns are rackt and nra suffer. Mr. Maxwell allout that you had been Chearmen of the Company would pay the damages therefore make bold to send the bill to you which all the neabours can tell is little enough for me to get.

Dear Sir I am your humble Servant,

MARY SOOTER.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

A son of Erin lately appeared before the grand jury of this city to complain of a person who had robbed him. Place your honours (said he) I must tell the story in my own way. You must know that I went down to the battery to snuff the cooling brazas, and take a nap on the grass after night: well, by the powers! when I awoke, I found myself robbed of all my money and other articles. Thinks I—now Paddy how are you to catch the thafe? when a thought struck me on my head to go the next night on the Battery, and to lie down and pretend to be asleep, and if the thafe come again to rob me, to seize him and hold him tight. Well, your honours, away I goes to the Battery and lays me down and pretends to go to slape; and would you believe it? I did actually go to slape; and when I awoke by the powers I was robbed again. Botheration saze me, I could have blasted myself for being such a fool as to go to slape when I laid myself down to keep awake. Well, courage, Pat, (says I) I'll try again; so the next day I went again, and laid down on the grass and went to slape, but I kept awake all the time, and sure enough the thafe came and was rummaging my pockets, when I gripped him by the collar and carried him to Bridewell—and that's all. On examination it was found that the culprit had three shillings about him, which could not be identified as the Irishman's; and as he had been ten days in confinement, he was dismissed.

MATTER OF FACT. Mother Hopkins told me, that she heard Green's wife say, that John Harris' wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow Bashman say, that capt. Woods' wife thought, colonel Hopkins' wife believed, that old Miss Lamb reckoned, that Samuel Lunham's wife had told Spaulding's wife, that he heard John Frin's wife say, that her mother told her, old Miss Jenks heard Granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, about to alter his line of business, requests all those who are indebted to him, either by Note or Account, to make immediate payment, as he is determined to collect what is due him without delay.
HENRY R. PARSONS.
Paris, June 15, 1823. 6w 102

SALE AT AUCTION.

FOR sale at Public Auction, by license from the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford—so much of the Real Estate of DANIEL BISBEE, late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, as will produce the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, including the Reversion of the widow's dower therein, if necessary, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges.—Said Real Estate consists of the homestead Farm of said deceased, situated in said Sumner.—The sale to be at the Dwelling-House on the premises, on SATURDAY the 8th day of JULY next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon.—Conditions at the sale.
ELISHA BISBEE, Jr. Administrator.
Sumner, June 13, 1823. *102

NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform and invite his Customers and the public, that he still calculates to carry on the Cloth Dressing Business at his former Stand, at BISCOX'S FALLS, so called—and has engaged Samuel Stovell as a workman, whom he has employed for two years past, and is well known amongst his customers to be one of the best Clothiers in the country. He therefore calculates to dress Cloth as cheap as any one in the State—and he warrants to give as good satisfaction.—All damages fully paid.
Business will be despatched at short notice as can be possible.
ALDEN FULLER.
Paris, June 15, 1823. 102

WOOL CARDING, and CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public, that he has taken the FULLING MILL and CARDING MACHINES, owned by Col. H. R. PARSONS, at the South Village in Paris, where he intends carrying on

CARDING WOOL & DRESSING CLOTH with neatness and despatch.

A liberal Credit will be given, and all kinds of Country Produce, Wool, or Woollen Cloths will be taken in payment, and upon as good terms as can be done in the country.

He flatters himself that by the engagement of experienced workmen, and having followed the business himself for 9 years, he shall be entitled to a share of public patronage.

Also—Wants to purchase from One to Two Thousand Yards of FLANNEL CLOTH, made of common Wool, spun from 4 to 5 skeins to the pound, well made for Fulling—for which Cash will be paid.

Paris, May, 1823. DANIEL PARSONS.

I, the subscriber, hereby certify, that I have assisted in the repairs of the above Carding Machines, and it is my opinion that they are in order to make as good Rolls as any in the State.

99 6w LEWIS COLE.

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

ELIJAH BATES, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ASAPH KITFREDGE. *102

Paris, June 13, 1823.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

WILLIAM PEARCE, late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

BETSEY PEARCE. *102

Norway, June 13, 1823.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

ISRAEL MILLET, late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ESTHER MILLET. *102

Norway, June 15, 1823.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

BENJAMIN EVANS, late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

LUTHER CARY. *102

Turner, June 13, 1823.

To the Hon. BENJ. CHANDLER, Esq. Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford.

THE subscriber having been duly appointed and accepted the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of SAMUEL ATWOOD, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, begs leave to represent, that there is a Farm belonging to the heirs of said estate, which requires considerable attention, and often times when he is unable to attend to it, by reason of poor health; he therefore prays that he may be discharged from that trust, and another appointed in his place.

JESSE STONE.

Livermore, June 12th, 1823.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1823—

UPON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED, That the Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said Petition and this Order thereon, to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Livermore, in said County, on THURSDAY, the fourteenth day of SEPTEMBER next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five, viz:

Township No. 2, Second Range,	\$ 5 87
" No. 2, third "	5 33
" No. 4, fourth "	5 87
" No. 2, letter A,	7 26

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Paris, on MONDAY the thirty-first day of JULY next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County.

Hebron, June 12, A. D. 1823. 6w 102

Brown's Drops for Fits.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS, the most valuable Medicine hitherto made use of, as will appear from the following account and testimonials in its favour:

This Medicine has been known and used in this country for about eighty years; but no efforts having been made to diffuse a knowledge of its efficacy, it has hitherto been principally confined to the region where the proprietor of it has resided. The original recipe from which the drops are prepared, was brought from Scotland, nearly a century ago, by Mr. James Otterston, a native of that country, by whom, and by whose recipe they were prepared as long as he lived. Mr. Otterston died subsequently to the Revolution, at the advanced age of 103 years, and the recipe then became the property of Mr. Brown of Chester, how married a daughter of Mr. Otterston. From him, it descended to his son, Mr. James Brown, by whom the medicine has been prepared in small quantities for many years, but as before observed, the knowledge of its efficacy has been limited, and few or no exertions have been made to give it that celebrity, which, from its antiquity and its valuable effects in curing the distressing complaint of Fits, it so justly deserves. The medicine is still prepared by Mr. Brown, who has appointed the subscribers sole Agents for establishing agencies in various parts of the United States, and for vending said Drops. Few remedies have been more generally esteemed for the disorder of Fits where it has been thoroughly used. It may be taken by different ages and constitutions with safety where proper attention is paid to the following Directions.—That the public may have the testimony of those who have used it, we give the following certificates, of which many more of a similar kind might easily be obtained. MORRIL & FARMER.

Concord, (N. H.) Dec. 20, 1823.

Directions.—These drops are to be administered as follows, viz:—for an adult, 60 drops, to be taken in a spoonful of wine or brandy, when going to bed, and 55 in the morning, immediately on rising; or children of one year, 4 drops; of two years, 9 drops; of four years, 15 drops; of fourteen years, 35 drops; but the dose is to vary according to circumstances and the constitution of the patient. Persons using them must abstain from milk, butter and cheese.—Price, \$1 per bottle.

Certificate of REUBEN COLBY, Esq. of Hebron, (N. H.)

This may certify to whom it may concern, that I was taken with Fits the first of September, 1818, and in October following had one more. From that time they increased so that I had one in every fifteen days through the winter. I made application to a number of physicians, but found no relief. In May, 1819, I procured a bottle of Brown's Drops for Fits. I had one fit in June, and one in August, and have not had any from that time until now. I took one bottle and a half. My health has been gaining from that time to the present. It appears that the drops effected the cure.

REUBEN COLBY.

Hebron, Sept. 10, 1822.

Certificate of JOHN WHIPPLE, Esq. Attorney at Law of Hooksett.

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since.

JOHN WHIPPLE.

Hooksett, June, 1823.

Certificate of Mr. ROBERT BUNTIN, Allenstown.

I, Robert Buntin, of lawful age, testify and say that when I was about nineteen years old, I was taken with convulsion fits. I applied to Mr. Brown for his drops, and I found immediate relief from taking them. I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age, and never have had any more fits since I made use of his drops; therefore, I can recommend them to the public as a valuable medicine for Fits.

ROBERT BUNTIN.

Allenstown, June 5, 1823.

Certificate of GEORGE HOUGH, Esq. of Concord.

I certify, that about the year 1794, I employed in my office, at the Printing business, a young man by the name of Stephen Sewall, who was subject to epileptic or convulsion fits, and whose health became greatly impaired by their frequency and severity. On hearing of the Drops for Fits prepared by Mr. Brown, of Chester, (now in Hooksett,) Mr. Sewall was advised to make use of them, which he did, to the number of only one or two phials, according to the directions. He had no return of fits after he began to take the Drops, and in a few months he appeared to be restored to a perfect state of health. He continued in my family and office for more than a year afterwards, and experienced no further inconvenience from the fits, nor any symptoms of their return.

GEORGE HOUGH.

Concord, Jan. 24, 1825.

Said Drops are sold wholesale and retail at the shop of Morrill & Farmer in Concord, (N. H.)—Boston—Maynard & Noyes, 59, Washington-street, Boston—Read & Spaulding, Amherst—Calvin Spaulding, Hallowell, (Me.)—Eben Fuller, Augusta—Merrill & Mitchell, Portland—Bradley & Warren, Fryeburg—John Wilkinson, Bath—W. & J. T. Poor, Belfast—G. W. Holden, Brunswick.

April 27.

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